

THE WHEAT CROP.

CONFLICTING REPORTS ON THE STATES IN THE NORTH.

Indications that Minnesota and Dakota Will Furnish Eastern Markets But Little.

That the Crop in Both These States Will Not Exceed 70,000,000 Bushels is Assured.

Millers Who are Holding for Lower Prices Will be Left—A Letter from the President Patching Up His Past Record—His Ideas of Campaign Work.

WEATHER BULLETIN.

SIGNAL OFFICE, WICHITA, KAN., Sept. 15.—The highest temperature was 72.5; the lowest 51.7; and the mean 63.0; with cold, clear weather, fresh to brisk north-west winds and slowly falling barometer. The maximum velocity of wind was NW 22 miles per hour at 3:40 p. m. Mean barometer reduced to sea level was at 7 a. m. 30.107 inches, at 2 p. m. 30.092 inches, at 7 p. m. 29.957.

The mean humidity 61.5 per cent. F. H. L. Johnson, Observer.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 15.—The indications for twenty-four hours, commencing Sunday, September 16, at 7 a. m., are as follows:

For Kansas: Fair, slightly warmer, variable winds.

For Missouri: Fair, slightly warmer, northerly winds becoming variable.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 15.—The Pioneer Press reports from the Minnesota and Dakota wheat fields are generally encouraging in tone. This week the weather has been generally favorable for threshing and no diminution of previously estimated yield is reported. In opposition to this view of the case, however, the same paper has the following in its regular market report:

Chicago dealers are looking upon the fact that receipts here are only 600,000 bushels short of receipts up to the same time last season and claim that when the crop begins to move more freely that the difference will all be made up. This is all very true, but have these same Chicago merchants noticed that the grain coming here is staying here? Last year a great deal of shipping was done to eastern markets but this year the shipping is nearly all confined to country millers. In fact the eastern markets have not had enough of your wheat to know what this year's first crop looks like. It is a store house when the new crop began to move were very light and the visible supply practically nothing. This has necessitated the use of old wheat at a price that is not only below the cost of production but is also below the cost of the old crop. It is now almost a certainty that the crop of Minnesota and Dakota will not amount to much, if any, over 70,000,000 bushels and by the time the Minnesota millers have sorted out this crop and reserved the best of it for export, the rest of the crop will be so small that it will be practically negligible. The sections of the country where the damage has been the heaviest has been the section in their returns; yet, nor will they for some time to come. The farmers were taught a lesson last year. They are positioning themselves to do full plowing and by the time their plowing is done the receipts from other lines will have slackened up. Some country millers seem inclined to hold off for lower prices on new wheat but from the present outlook it is possible that they will get left. Out No. 1 hard for December sold at \$1.01 on the Minneapolis board and an impression beginning to prevail that this future is largely overbid.

The Minnesota Journal has an article on the crop situation this evening, giving a variety of figures to prove that this year's crop in Minnesota and Dakota will fall 25,000,000 bushels short of last year.

ONE MORE DENIAL.

The President Feels Himself Wronged by a Reference to the Past.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 15.—The following communication has been received by Mr. James Whitely, Ex-Executive Mansion:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 15.

Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 8th inst. has been presented to my attention and it affords the first intimation I have had that in an article published in the North American Review I am charged with the declaration that "I believe in free trade as I believe in the protestant religion." In answer to your inquiry as to the truth of this allegation I have to say that I have made use of that expression or anything like it. The statement you quote is a pure, unadorned falsehood. While it would be in my interest to attempt to crush out or refute every false statement coined or forged to serve the purpose of misrepresentation in the heat of a political campaign, the friendly spirit of your inquiry has led me to make this emphatic denial. Yours very truly, GROVER CLEVELAND.

CLEVELAND ON DEMOCRATIC CLUBS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—Hon. Chauncey F. Black, president of the national association of Democratic clubs, received the following letter from President Cleveland:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 15, 1888.

Hon. Chauncey F. Black, President, etc.

MY DEAR SIR:—The papers which you kindly sent for my personal touching the scope, method and purposes of the association of Democratic clubs have strengthened my belief in the extreme importance of such organization. I have to say that I have made use of that expression or anything like it. The statement you quote is a pure, unadorned falsehood. While it would be in my interest to attempt to crush out or refute every false statement coined or forged to serve the purpose of misrepresentation in the heat of a political campaign, the friendly spirit of your inquiry has led me to make this emphatic denial. Yours very truly, GROVER CLEVELAND.

BUSINESS PORTION BURNED.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 15.—Special Agent Evening Wisconsin from Florence, Wis. says the business portion of the town was wiped out by fire last yesterday afternoon. Fifty-six buildings were burned. The loss in all is estimated at \$75,000 and insurance at \$30,000.

A DAKOTA LYNCHING.

A Horse Thief Strung to a Tree in the Turtle Mountains.

BISMARCK, Dak., Sept. 15.—A man named Wise was lynched for stealing horses in the Turtle mountains on Wednesday. Wise was at one time a prominent citizen of Wyoming, and during his residence in that territory was prominently mentioned for the legislature.

Private advices from the scene of the lynching are to the effect that Wise was overtaken by a party of settlers who had been hunting for him. He was taken to a cabin and at first showed fight, but was forced to throw down his rifle and surrender the horses. Then he was driven to the nearest place and hanged.

Wise came from Pennsylvania, where it is said his family still reside.

LOOKING FOR SUCKERS.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Sept. 15.—Warden Peppino and Constable Sears attempted to arrest a fisherman named Rodenbaugh, Thursday, for violating the fish laws, but after a desperate fight he escaped. Yesterday he was in the city with a double-barreled gun. After riding about the streets for a while he went home. In the afternoon four officers went out to arrest him and were ordered off the premises. After some parrying, firing was begun and two shotguns were fired. Rodenbaugh was then retired and Rodenbaugh barricaded himself in his house. He is said to be armed with a Winchester and two shotguns. The police are surrounded by police, but he had not surrendered at the latest advices.

A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 15.—A terrific explosion occurred at the mill of the National Milling company early this morning. The mill took fire and was destroyed, entailing a loss of \$125,000, on which there was an insurance of \$75,000.

There were eighteen men in the mill at the time of the explosion. One, Peter Mierman, perished in the flames, and four others, Joe Vanniel, William Straw, Sterling Barber and John Blake, were seriously injured and burned. Eight men escaped without injury, seven others are unaccounted for and it is thought that at least three of them are dead in the ruins.

THE BALLARD MURDER CASE.

SPRINGFIELD, Ind., Sept. 15.—The Ballard murder case was given to the jury Wednesday night after a long address by Judge Heffron. They remained out nearly twenty-four hours and yesterday afternoon rendered a verdict of not guilty. There was a good deal of political feeling in the case, but it is not believed that it percolated the jury. The four men accused were released at once.

SPORTING NEWS.

BASE BALL.

AT ST. PAUL.

St. Paul.....2 1 1 0 0 0 0 0—5
Chicago.....0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0—2

AT MILWAUKEE.

Milwaukee.....1 0 0 2 0 1 3 0—7
Davenport.....0 0 0 0 1 1 2 0—6

AT DETROIT.

Boston-Detroit game postponed on account of rain.

AT ST. LOUIS.

St. Louis.....1 0 0 0 0 1 2 0—5
Cincinnati.....0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—3

AT KANSAS CITY.

Kansas City.....1 0 0 2 0 0 0 0—3
Louisville.....0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—2

AT INDIANAPOLIS.

Indianapolis.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2
Washington.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

AT PITTSBURGH.

Pittsburgh.....0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0—1
New York.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

AT PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2
Brooklyn.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2

AT CHICAGO.

Chicago.....0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—3
Philadelphia.....0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—3

A MUCH DESIRED PITCHER.

DES MOINES, Sept. 15.—Pitcher Hutchison, of the Des Moines team, has been signed by Chicago. Anson, as well as all other managers of the country has been after the great western association and Yale pitcher for months and the Chicago man at length secured the prize. It is said he has paid a large sum for Hutchison's release. The new man will join the Chicago club in time to go on the last great trip.

THE RACES.

AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

The fall meeting of the Coney Island Jockey club closed here today. The meeting has not been a great success financially. The weather today was fine and the track in splendid condition. The bookmakers' alliance this afternoon contributed \$500 to the relief of sufferers by the yellow fever at Jacksonville.

Second-eighth mile—Ladette won in 1:27.4. Little Minnie second and Myra-ban third.

One and three-sixteenths miles—Ladette won in 2:25. Vespene second, Mollie McCarthy third.

Campaign stakes, Futurity course, three-quarter mile—Erie won in 1:17. One Again second, Madstone third. Winner paid \$7.40 straight.

Long Island stakes, heats, one and one-eighth miles—Treat won in 1:56. Heat in 1:56. Extra race, five furlongs—Zoolite won, Roiliff second, Cartens third. Time 1:54.

Second race, one mile—Vontrop won, Coult second, Beaudoin third. Time 1:45.

Third race, seven furlongs—Longside won, Hinde Craft second, Temple third. Time 1:29.

Fourth race, one mile—Elmira won, Dyer second, Birdyard third. Time 1:42.

Fifth race, one mile and one furlong—Woodcraft won, Douman second, Winona third. Time 1:57.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

DES MOINES, Sept. 15.—Miss Laura Watson, of Algona, was struck by lightning during a shower yesterday. Her hat was burned, her hair, two large holes were burned through her waterproof and her clothing and her back was badly scorched. One of her shoes was torn from her foot and thrown several feet distant. She was badly shocked but will recover.

WIRE NOT SHOT.

HOW TODDLERS ARE PICKED UP IN THE CITY STREETS.

Not Hard to Find the Strayed Darlings of New York—Matron Webb and the Lost Children's Department—The Fate of Four Babies.

The little shavers and shaverettes that the policemen carry every night to Matron Webb, at the lost children's department, are a thoroughly assorted lot. Some are about the size of a weaver's shuttle and some are as big as a pint of cider half drunk up; others are often 8 or 10 years of age, and got lost because they have just come to the city or have lived in some institution all their lives. The strays are invariably dirty, and usually more or less unbuttoned and unclean. Some of them are so filthy that the policemen who find them will be scarce almost to find their darlings will be scarce almost to find them. The more sure the youngsters are to come in with a full set of pennies, no hat, and a soul full of peace.

Last Sunday night a manly, handsome officer got on a Broadway car at Twenty-ninth street with a little girl, and asked him like a thief, who he was, shaking and quivering with sobs. The car was well filled with church folks, who began immediately to pelt the officer with questions, which he answered calmly and patiently, hugging the little one to his side the while.

At Matron Webb's Miss Baby found a warm welcome. Three rows of blue arm-chairs and rockers constitute the strange little human "pound," where the stray babies wait for some one to come and prove their property. With tear stained faces washed and her roll replaced by some diplomatically sugar cake, the little one consented to trust herself to the policeman's hands and her parents to the arms of a much guided and flowered blue rocking chair. They weren't nice, warm, strong arms same as the policeman had, but they had their good points. As soon as she was settled a bit Matron Webb smiled on her one of those motherly smiles that have warmed the cheeks of so many little hearts and asked her name.

"Fanny!"

The voice was about as fine as a cannie needle and as large as a nut, and the little girl, who the matron heard it, and asked her "other name." The ghost of a baby smile straightened out the interrogation point, and the sweet thread of a voice was a full size larger as it answered:

"Duckum!"

This was all the information that could be gained, for indeed it was probably the mere baby knew. She sat obediently in her chair during her stay. At last, after an hour's waiting, the door opened sharply and a nice looking young fellow of 19 or 20 came tumbling in, white and excited. Up flew the little fat arms, away went the poodles and the posies, "Oh, Duckum!" cried a shrill voice, and Duckum was close on her brother's arms. She was so glad that her shyness all went away at once and she graciously let everybody who wanted to kiss her go by. Little Fanny Daly, of West Twenty-ninth street, was thus lost and found.

But this dear little girl was not the only one that the matron was entertaining last Sunday night. It was not very much of a baby for lost babies, for there had not been so much as a procession or a hand organ out to tempt them away, but all the same, several small pilgrims in pinafores and jackets drifted in and out, before and after "Duckum" came and went. Next to "Duckum," the baby of the group of youngsters, was a burly, splendid boy about 3 years and a half old, just the sort of boy to suit the name he gave, "Phil." Phil gave the wiry wisp "pop," as he called him, who brought him in a lively tussle; but no one who could see the poor little beggar fall on his face before the door began to open, and be taken to his "mother," could blame him for the rumper he was making.

No cakes, nor candies, nor fine words could butter poor little Phil's parsnips that night, and he sobbed and cried as if his manly little heart would break out with his mother's appeal.

Some came in a half hour later, a tiny looking woman, with a flushed face and a shawl hastily wrapped around her, almost beside herself with fear.

"Oh, Phil, my darling, why did you run away from your mother? Oh, sure, me boy, it's the dreadful terror you've given me again, day, thinking I was the very mother of you, and the mother of eight children that have had one of them run away from the steps on which I put 'em before! Where was it ye were, spalpeen?"

Phil left home on East Seventy-fourth street at 10 o'clock in the morning, and at 5 o'clock was picked up at the foot of Park place, seven good miles if it was an inch, and "Phil" not three years old till September comes." Small wonder his mammy picked him up in her willing arms and carried him off folded close to her mother's heart.

The little wanderer was scarce on his way home when a good looking man burst into the room, and he was the first of a long row of chairs without speaking and then with a graven turned away. As he turned his eye fell on a tattered sailor hat, with a long blue ribbon on it, lying on the table.

"That's his hat," he cried. "Where's Jack?" Matron Webb pointed to the white bed in the corner. Master Jack had sat in his chair as long as he could and then had calmly gotten up, laid his hat on the table and gone to bed "till daddy comes." In a moment there was the greatest hubbub in the corner that one could imagine. The sight of his daddy put all Jack's philosophy out of his mind and he cried like a good one. His father blinked a few times over the boy's shoulder and held him very tight, but not a word did he say until he got his boy out in the hall. Then he broke into a sob.

"Oh, my little son, I thought you'd gone for good," and then they both went off to "mammy."

These three youngsters and one other of all the kisses there were given. Not one of the eighteen were scolded, but fourteen of them were greeted in a manner that spoke more or less of a shattered confidence.

The young mothers and fathers are the ones who take it, particularly the mothers, about daylight on the morning of the fourth baby last Sunday night who got a kissing was a little dark haired, dark eyed girl in a white frock, with small blue enameled earrings in her ears. Her mother was a mere child, a slender Polish girl with a shawl over her head and her big eyes staring at the policeman with a look of awe.

She had a young lad with her as interpreter, but she was too much excited to wait for him, and she flew from one chair to the other, wringing her hands and chattering like a magpie. Mrs. Webb happened to remember the little one on the bed with the enameled earrings in her ears, and she instantly touched her own ears as a question. The little mother flew to the corner, and in a moment was staggering about with her big girl in the arms that ought still to be tending dolls. She kissed and cried over her baby for five minutes before she could make up her mind to leave off and go home—Fannie B. Merrill in New York World.

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At the Mercy of the Flames.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 15.—A fire which broke out last night at Norwalk, O., destroyed a whole block of frame buildings, causing a loss of \$55,000, on which there was little insurance. The city was practically without water and the flames were only controlled through the efforts of the citizens.

A WOMAN TRIED FOR MURDER.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 15.—Josephine Currier, a young Italian woman, was placed on trial today for the murder of Agatha Gittie, a French woman. The killing occurred May 25 and was done with a butcher knife. The murderer masqueraded as an old blind woman and was a professional street beggar.

SHOT HIS WIFE'S SEDUCER.

CHICAGO, Wyo., Sept. 15.—G. Ferris, a ranchman living at Haley, Wyo., shot and killed a ranchman named Robert Ball Tuesday last. Ferris has been absent from home several days and on returning found Ball, who was unmarried, had eloped with his wife. Ferris shot Ball, killing him instantly. He took his wife home and then rode to Lander, where he gave himself up to the authorities. Public sympathy is with Ferris.

SHOT HIM IN THE BACK.

SOMERSET, Ky., Sept. 15.—Geo. Rabbits, a highly respectable farmer living about six miles from here, went to his stable about daylight on the morning of the fourth baby last Sunday night who got a kissing was a little dark haired, dark eyed girl in a white frock, with small blue enameled earrings in her ears. Her mother was a mere child, a slender Polish girl with a shawl over her head and her big eyes staring at the policeman with a look of awe.

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DIPHTHERIA AT PASO DEL NORTE.

EL PASO, Tex., Sept. 15.—The diphtheria has been epidemic in Paso del Norte for some time past, so much so that some three months ago the city authorities of El Paso had to declare a quarantine against their Mexican neighbors as far as all children under 16 years were concerned. An officer was stationed on the bridge across the Rio Grande, over which the International railroad passes, with orders to let no young people under that age across the river. This was kept up for some time, until at last it was thought the disease had run its course and that it was no longer necessary to keep up the quarantine. It now appears that diphtheria is as bad as ever among the poorer classes of Mexicans at Paso del Norte, and that in a certain sense it is still an epidemic, but as the Rio Grande is at present so low it can be crossed on foot everywhere, it is thought useless to re-establish the quarantine, and El Paso will simply increase her excellent sanitary system.

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